country beyond, is a large, colonial, two-story building--the county courthouse (prefeitura), the official center of local county administration. With heavily barred windows on the ground level, it also serves as the county jail. At the top of the hill is a large church, the mother church of the parish of São Roque. On the right, on top of another hill, is the imposing Franciscan convent. The main street of the town is narrow, paved with cobblestones and lined by old colonial houses in various stages of repair. To the left one sees the "beach," which at low tide is an expanse of ugly black mud, typical of the shores of this back part of the bay. The long dugout canoes of the fishermen are anchored there and rest on the bottom when the tide is out.

As the boat sails away and the townspeople go about their business, the streets empty, and a peculiar hush, which is characteristic of Vila Recôncavo, falls over the town. There is an atmosphere not so much of sleepiness and inertia as of decadence, as though life had already passed by. The few people who remain somehow seem to be left over from something in the past. The houses which face the main street are somber, their façades going straight up two stories from the street, their windows shuttered. Some of them are crumbling, the mortar falling away, exposing the stone of which they are built; others are in complete ruin. All of them are turning black from the constant exposure to humid salt air, and moss is growing on the walls where the sun never strikes.

From the top of the hill, in front of the mother church, there is a magnificent view of the Bay of All Saints, and it is easily understood why this place was chosen 332 years ago as the site for a new town. This part of town is the old Vila Recôncavo (see map of town), dating back to a time when the settlement was the only administrative center of inland colonial Bahia. Upon this hill and the one on which the convent stands, the elite of the sugar lands built their town houses called sobrados. Once upon a time these streets with their stepping-stones were the scene of colonial opulence, of sedan chairs carried by liveried slaves, of soldiers in uniform, of ladies wearing gloves and carrying parasols. Today this old part of Vila Recôncavo is inhabited by simpler people, the town's upper class, who eke out a living in the local bureaucracy, or as merchants, or as representatives of the state and federal governments. They are quiet, gentlemanly people trying to keep up a semblance of dignity, a feat which becomes more difficult all the time.